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Letter from John Muir to [Annie] Wanda [Muir], 1893 Aug 8.

John Muir

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Hotel Metropole,
London, August 8th, 1893.

My dear Wanda:

It seems a long long time since I left New York, and in all my long wide wanderings since then I have not received a single letter until to-day. I got here last night after dark and this morning I went to the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, 58 Old Broad St., London, England, and there I found your letters of June 27 and July 7, also Mama's of June 21, Maggie's of June 20 and brother Dave's of June 20, and my, wasn't I glad to find you were all well after so long a silence.

I wrote to you from Norway and many times from Scotland, so I suppose you know pretty well where I have been and what I have been doing. I left Edinburgh last Saturday and went to Windermere, a lovely region in England where a great poet lived. Then came down here. It is a grand place, this town, with far more people in it than there are in all California, Oregon, and Washington. But I am very lonesome, for I have not had time to find anybody that I know or to make new friends. I'm going away to Switzerland tomorrow morning, and I hope you will have some more of your nice letters waiting for me. I expect to get back from Switzerland about the end of this month, and then I'll soon start for home. How glad I'll be then to be going nearer and nearer to home, instead of farther and farther away from it. I don't like to travel, although everybody is good to me and I find so much that is beautiful.

I am very glad to hear that you are learning some good lessons every day. The precious time of youth is now yours, my dear, but it will soon pass away and never come back. Make haste then to fill your mind with beautiful and good things while your memory is able to hold them.

I hope you and Helen got the flowers I sent you from the grand valleys of Norway. Thank you, darling, for your two fine letters. Goodnight.

Your loving papa,

JOHN MUIR

[Envelope addressed Wanda Muir, Martinez, California, U.S.A.]